olume X Chicago, Ill., October, 1933 Number 7

The Liberalist

Life is not a spiritual exercise the results of which are discounted in advance; but is actually creative, fashioning and perfecting a good that has never been. And the moment evil is conceived as the necessary diminishing complement to partial success, the sting of it is gone.

—The Moral Economy,
Ralph Barton Perry.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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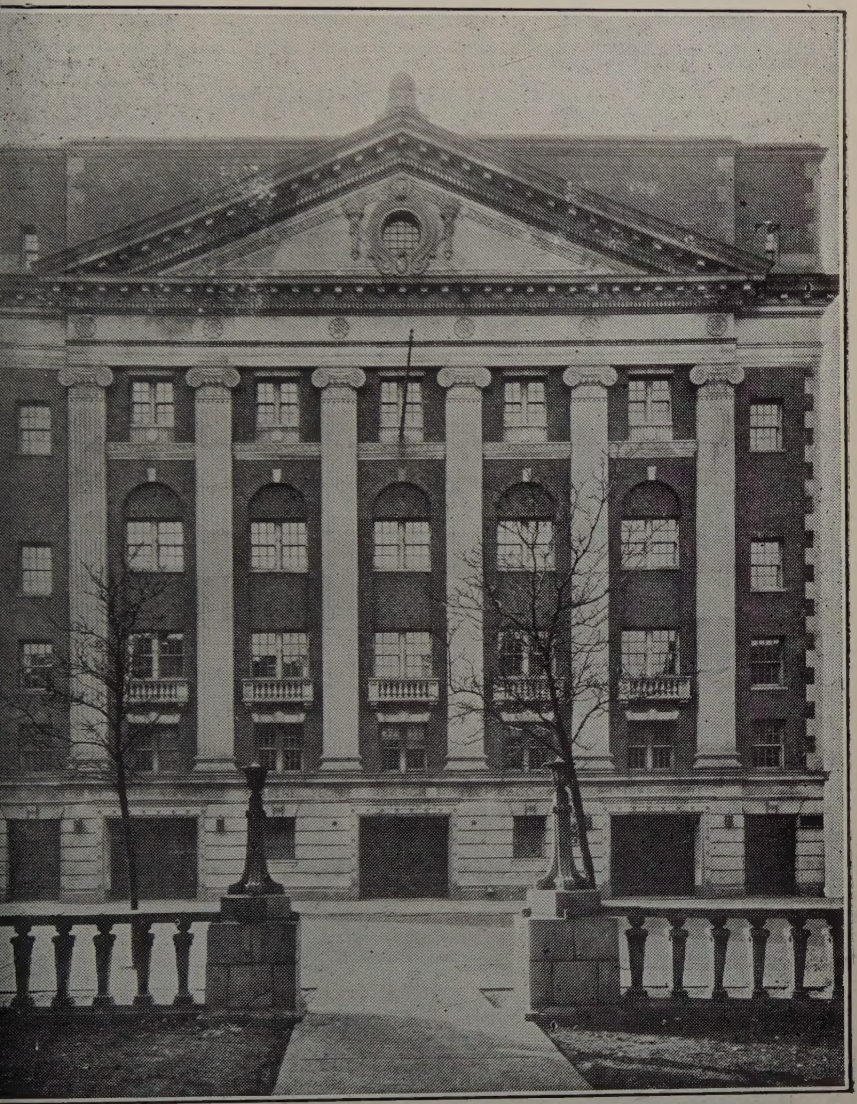

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO AT
941 LAWRENCE AVENUE, Near Sheridan Road

Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church, Chicago

THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

olume X Chicago, Ill., October, 1933 Number 7

MEDITATION

Infinite and Everlasting Life, gain, on this morning of beauty, n this morning when the glory f the limitless bowl of blue men all the "sky" is reflecting into ur hearts the assurance of some- ning yesterday we doubted. torm — lightning — rain and louds that obscured the sky. And n the daytime it was like night nd darkness obscured our city.

Today Nature flings back to us nat courageous word that the torm and the darkness and the nunder were but the prophet of n eternal truth. That no storm asts forever and no darkness is ternal. And with the breaking f the dawn Nature smiled from ut the storm and said to our ainting hearts, "I told you so nany times that the sun would ever fail and that the sky would eep its blue."

On this Sunday of peace, of uiet and rest, to many hearts nd lives the affirmation of that ternal truth is brought to our eart, and Oh Divine Heart, how rateful we are. Accept our gra- itude again and may it seep into ur veins and arteries the blood f courage and strength and ruth. May we lift our faces to he sky and lift our hearts to thy ltitude. And may every dis- ouraged, discontented and dis- llusioned life found in the vi- rant dominance of this hour be elped in their individual prob- em and in their personal anxiety.

Wherever these words are being wafted upon the wings of the morning, wherever they are going th's day, whether to some auto travelling the highway, watching the beauty of the morning along the roads, whether to some quiet lonely little room with its four walls that spells "home"—or to some palatial mansion, or to a ship out on the lake—wherever these words go, may they go flood- ed with love for all mankind and garnished with understanding for every problem. Particularly to that home of our Church who in the past few hours so quickly —so tragically has lost its Mother, who sat here worshipping with us last Sunday. And, who, while we speak has passed through the experience which is called "death."

To that stricken home as they listen today, may they know that we do not forget them and that we are sending our love and our sympathy to give them courage. And to all of us, may this be a moment of love. Heal the sick and bless every aged being. Take the scales from the blind — make crippled limbs become straight— make anxious hearts be at peace! Bless every ruler of the world — every Nation on earth—and the people of every creed and color.

And may the idealism of human brotherhood never die! May it be the one anchor that never gives way. And may the blessings of love—of beauty and of good- ness abide in every heart on this morning of **Beauty** and **Love!**

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS AND A CENTURY OF PROMISE"

Sermon Delivered By Dr. Preston Bradley, at the Peoples Church, October 15, 1933

The phrase of the subject this morning was given to me in an address which I heard some days ago in the Illinois Host Building of the Century of Progress, by Allen D. Albert, the assistant of the President, Mr. Dawes, in which he quoted Mr. Talmadge, a well-known Chicago architect, as using this description of the Century of Progress, as it is a "Century of Promise," and right away I had a subject, right away that distinction immediately started a reverberation, and opened a brain cell (what few I may happen to possess) furnishing me with some idea as to what I wanted to give you.

Now while I am indebted (and I am glad to acknowledge the debt) to another, for the phrase of the subject, I don't want you to blame anyone in all of this wide, wide world for anything I say on the subject, except myself. Please center all your criticism upon me and please center all of your judgment upon me, because I am going to talk to you out of some secret places in my heart, about some reactions which I have to the "Century of Progress," and what I think of when I think of it as indicating a "Century of Promise."

What is Progress? Is there any such thing in the world? We come and go, where we know not; or is there a directed order in the very structure of humanity? We are now in one of these periods in the development of the race, where it takes very careful penetration and very fine intellectual adjustment to have very much faith in any idea of progress. And it all depends on what you mean by "progress." It's these two attitudes toward the whole idea of progress that motivated my thinking this day. I am not alarmed at the idea of progress applied to mechanistic, materialistic development. I have seen it, and you have seen it in all of its romance, in all of its power, in in all of its stately achievements.

I have seen the ever-enlarging areas of the human mind result in magnetic splendor. I have seen the ever-increasing size of the telescope reveal the far-off grandeur of astrial space. I have seen the keen mind of man go into his laboratory, and with the microscope and the finely-adjusted instruments of human reason, I have seen him rise out of the secret places of the cosmos, secrets buried there by the ignorance of the ages. I have seen man take the plastic arts — and, out of materials that were never utilized before, use them for man's sustenance, protection, guidance, care, I have seen the mighty evidence of the mind of man in his ability to use corn husks for building material, and corn silk for gases. I have seen man ride through the sky until the far-off vistas of atmosphere never before penetrated by humans was weighed, the temperature determined, the chemical reaction established. I have seen man go with his mighty brain to the bottom of the sea, have seen him there explore the crevices of the deep with that great intelligence of his. I listened to him as he set in motion the mighty scale upon which stars were weighed. I have seen man take the forces of nature and defy them one by one, considering gravitation as a jest. I have seen him say to the lightning "smash with your fury, I will conquer you yet!" And he did, by building a building so high, with so much steel, that every

time an electrical storm hovers over the city of New York, the Empire Building is struck by lightning, but is never harmed. I whisper in this pulpit, to this little instrument, that small mind, and before my words strike against the last wall of yonder balcony, they are heard in the far-off places of our valley. **Man's mind! Progress!** We build with justified pride buildings of artistic significance and color harmony, with all the glitter and romance of our mechanistic achievements.

I see man riding his chariot this day, "the chariot of the mind, Master, sovereign, king, electricity his plaything, the earth weighed, space crushed, time shattered, Man, Mighty Man, A Century of Progress!

I see man boast, that in an hour like this, millions have been attracted to our city. And in that justified pride of a Century of Progress, we are proud that our city, in the midst of an international era of depression and grief, should astound the world and surprise mankind by our individual initiative to do what every other community on earth would have hesitated to do in times like this, —all of which is called "Progress."

That is one point of view, but I would be untrue, so untrue that I could not keep my self respect, if I were to think of this as the **greatest** thing of a Century of Progress. What is the verdict of history? What are you seeing now with the eyes of the mind? Not the things that men can weigh, not the science over which man can boast, not the rapidity by which man can fly, not the depth to which man can go with a submarine, not the genius of these ether waves! Has it occured to you as it occurs to me now, (and I speak as feelingly as I have ever spoken, because I can't help it. I have been driven to it, as a poet is driven to his poem, as the artist is driven to his music, so am I driven to this.) That if the best that man has done with his mind is in the world of materialistic, mechanistic and naturalistic developments,—if **that** is progress, if **that** is final, then the smash-up is on the way! If these are to be the rallying standards representative of the heights to which man can go, **then your progress is a delusion and your achievements are all tragedies! ! !**

A Century of Progress! I can't help thinking that when the lovers of music tried to raise a paltry $100,000 in this city, ($50,000 of it was to be used for the erection of a temple of music) it couldn't be done! There was no money for a temple of music! And when the poets and the literary groups thought that there might be a place for them in a way to commensurate with the immensity of other things, it couldn't be done! Why? If it had not been that the great Art Institute of this city was constructed, and under the tutorage of a great committee of art-minded people, we unquestionably would probably have had no great art exhibit commensurate with the immensity of The Fair! Let us not forget when some of us think of these things, that a Century of Progress is not supposed to be, perhaps, any of these things. It is what it is supposed to be. And perhaps art and poetry and music and drama and many other of the great arts of life are after all accepted in a limited way beyond the pall of commercial progress and prosperity. **And it is a comment not upon the Century of Progress** nor anyone connected with it, but it is a comment upon civilization that out of the 25 million who will enter its gates, probably less than one million out of the 25 million may see the Hall of Religions or the Exhibit of Arts, while the proportion who have seen and heard of Sally Rand will probably be such a high percentage that perhaps the least said the better! All of which is

indicative of just the state the world is in.

There is no finer cross section of where humanity is, **than by the things that command humanity,** and if we are more interested in machinery, and we are more interested in transportation, and we are more interested in science, —if we are more interested in the glitter — and more interested in the Streets of Paris, and more interested in these things than we are interested in eternal qualities which abide and which will never fail,—which will exist when all of these other things are unremembered dust,—if that is our interest, then the indictment rests with us, and with us alone!

Now, may I suggest to you without too severe a criticism that I know it is the **popular** thing to belong to the modern American game, a game called "ballyhoo"; and I know that it is much more popular to follow a band and to wave pennants and to "belong," than it is to think or stand alone! But I have kept some illusions, and I am not going to let my illusions die. I am not going to be swept into the intellectual cosmos of instability by the artificial caprices of the "ballyhoo" generals! I am going to try and see life steadily and, above all, **see it whole.**

I speak no words of discouragement, I utter no word of criticism. The Century of Progress is the most magnificent evidence of man's materialism this world has ever seen, and it is the most magnificent evidence of man's anchorage to the transitory that the world has ever seen. It will probably influence all subsequent architecture, it will probably influence every single solitary fair or exhibition that shall follow it. Magnificent, majestic progress! But back of every picture that man paints and calls "progress," I see the background. And in the "Century of Progress" which is to come, the Century of Progress that man represents in achievement, I see another exposition, **I see another "world's fair"** 100 years from now. Every heart in this room, and every heart listening to me will be dust then! The worms will have eaten places through these brains of ours; we will be unremembered dust when it comes. But it will not be merely an "exposition" of man's physical, materialistic achievements! It will be something else! It will be an **anniversary** through the battlefields of blood and tears, perhaps of man's social accomplishments, that will keep pace with his scientific achievements.

Man can weigh the stars, man can build a great Century of Materialism, but man hasn't yet learned the biggest art of all; namely, the art of living together with peace and prosperity! And while we build great expositions to commend our intellectual illumination as to what we have achieved in the world of attainment and prosperity, stalking under the very shadows of that achievement go **the poor, the jobless, the unemployed!** Under the very roof shadows of your great churches on the avenues, with their hymns and prayers, their Gods and creeds, there stalks poverty, disease, crime. Man has learned how to build submarines, how to build buildings, how to build airships,—he has learned how to build everything **except a decent ordered society upon which man can live and flourish! That** is the thing that is in the depths of my heart this morning, and the thing that I mean to emphasize to you. We have learned well the art of materialism, but we are failures in the **finer** art of the spiritualization of life! And the Century of Progress—that I see coming (and it is coming, have no doubts about that, my friends) in spite of the blackness of the moment, in spite of a "grafting" leadership throughout the nations of the world, in spite of hates, in spite of all the blackness that has settled down upon us like a mighty pall, in spite of the talk, in spite of the fixings, in

pite of the chaos, in spite of it
l, through the mist and through
ie fog back yonder behind this
ack wall about which man is
ashing his body and his heart
is day, I see very clearly the lit-
e faint glimmer of a dream
hich **will not die!** The Commit-
e of Religion of the **Century of**
rogress in the Hall of Religion,
e one spot where thought ought
be a fearless social idealism.
as censored by the committee be-
use the religious and labor com-
issions desired to hang a harm-
ss little bulletin on the wall
ntaining messages from Jesus,
rome, Pope Pius XI, Rabbi Sil-
r, and two or three more. And
hen a professor of Yale Univer-
ty, a professor of social eti-
iette in the Yale Divinity School
the committee on religion, and
bor, wanted to hang that, it was
timated that it was rather of a
en analysis of certain economic
id industrial iniquities, that ex-
ts in the world, and consequent-
, could have no place in the Hall
Religions. When in the Hall
Religions, which evidences the
hievement of the denomina-
ns in a purely harmless way,
e very place in the world and
e very one spot where the least
uld be done would be to evi-
nce at any rate as much cour-
e as Jesus used with the money
angers in the Temple, as much
urage, and the thing that hurt
out it all is a certain commer-
alistic interest, which got mix-
up with organizations. 25c to
e the Challis, which dates back
the Fourth Century of Chris-
n history. 25c to see this, and
at, and the other thing! If I
d my way about it, (which I
ven't, and, of course, never
ll have) all the gates during
e last week of that "Century of
ogress" would be opened up
de and every poor person and
ery unemployed man and unem-
yed woman, every school child,
all this country would be wel-
me to walk in free of charge!
id let us take off, particularly
the Hall of Religions if no
where else, the **attitude of com-**
mercialism involved in seeing the
sacred improvements of our Lord
and his **church!** I know you will
not hear that note again; I know
that I will get criticized for mak-
ing it. I know the abuse that I
will be receiving all this week
will be plenty, — no doubt about
that! I know that I will be ac-
cused of not being loyal!

Oh, those of you who hear me,
and those of you who are here,
you know, don't you, that under-
neath all of these things is my
basic and **fundamental** love for
humanity? and that we can do
something with social sciences in
the future. **I can't see a Century**
of Progress without seeing be-
tween me and it. (here me!) be-
tween me and the slums of the
city of Chicago, the poor, the
hungry the jobless! And I
say to you that until we
can have "A Century of Prog-
ress" that will defy the achieve-
ments of the fine art of social
adjustments, as we are having a
great "Century of Progress" that
now defies achievement of materi-
alistic civilization, we will be
getting nowhere, nowhere! Look
at the picture today! 'Tis the
darkest hour in the life of the
world in international affairs it
has been in 20 years, disarma-
ment, conferences, treaties. Gen-
eva a joke, the alignment of Eng-
land, France, with a suspicion in
the background that no one knows
just yet the diplomatic policies of
Mussolini with a suspicion that
he has joined with Hitler, and
with Russia out of it, and Amer-
ica out of it, and Japan out of
it, a European alignment, that
may explode the powder magazine
of the world's hate in 24 hours,
and certainly will not postpone it
two years! With everything the
ideal **that we fought for, and**
longed for and lived for upon the
altar of blood; with the "war
dogs" straining in the kennels of
the nations of the world; with
bayonets rattling and little chil-
dren of 10 wearing gas masks,
with fear, superstition, frenzy! !

Oh, man's mad world! **I call on your science now! I ask you chemists to enlist! I ask you builders to enlist! I summon decency to the rescue! Is there no way but hate? Is there no way but war? Must poverty always live? Must crime flourish?**

Man boasts that he has made a world of progress! Where will **you** be in the call of America? Is it progress that we build? Where will America be in the "crucial" hour? There is nothing to do now, not a solitary thing, except this: It has gone too far! Three months ago? Yes! Six months ago? Yes! Two years ago? Yes! Four years ago? Yes! Eight years ago? Yes! Ten years ago? Yes! Idealism? Too late now! Every economic conference, every disarmament conference will fail! Every League of Nations will fail! I ask you to suspend judgment and wait for the next six months to prove this. You will then go back to this Sunday morning and you will remember these sentences in six months. It is the truth from out of my heart! It is a mad race now—for war, a mad race, and every nation is going into a race, and a war of armaments! They are going to build too fast, they are going to build, so long as this race is on. Will you listen to a sentence of H. G. Wells? "History is but a race between education and catastrophe!" And that race is now on!

I close with his plea for the Century of Progress. There isn't much to do. We have bungled diplomacy, we have bungled everything! The world has bungled, bungled, bungled! Everything everywhere is just a great bungle! There is only **one thing** for us to do now, so let us do it! I almost feel that I am sounding a warning, a warning for my people, a warning for my America, a warning for us all! Let us do it!

I wish that the President of the United States before another 24 hours would pass by, that he would take one of those fine stands of frankness that are so characteristic of him, and that he would say something like this: "To every country in the world: Greetings in this solemn hour: We, the people of the United States of America, desire that every nation of the world shall know where we stand. No nation shall receive one dollar of American money to finance any campaigns of war or bitterness! No nation shall receive one bushel of wheat! No nation shall receive one battleship! (And what is still more,) Gentlemen of the world: no American Boy shall ever, in the uniform of the United States Army or Navy, fight **in any foreign war,** for any **foreign nation** on the top of this God's great earth!"

Let the President cast aside your diplomatic hesitancies! Let your President pull aside the "green curtains" that shade the diplomacies of Europe and say: that we are through with all the madness of mankind! Then, someday, when it is all over, some day perhaps, when enough have suffered and died, the nations will say. "Ah, at last, at last, there is a better way, the way of peace!"

TOGETHERNESS

In the literature of the East there is a parable which sums up the law of life in a picture of haunting remembrance. A man in the pit of torment saw afar off the white figure of Buddha, and cried to him for help. The prophet asked him what good things he had done in his lifetime. After thinking for a long time, all that he could remember was that one day, while walking in the woods, he saw a spider and stepped over it instead of killing it. Instantly a thin thread from the web of the spider was let down to him, like a silver ray of hope. He clutched it and began to climb out of the pit. His fellows in woe, seeing him about to escape, laid hold of his garments and pleaded to be lifted with him out of their common misery. But no; he cried to them to let go, and kicked at

them when they still clung to his robe. When his fellows had let go the thread broke, and all fell back together into hell. The thread was strong enough to bear the weight of all, but too weak to lift one selfish soul who was willing to rise while others remained below.

How true the words, "heaven's gate is closed to him who comes alone; save thou a soul, and thou wilt save thine own!"

Argow.

That which I cannot declare has been my angel from childhood until now. It has separated me from men. It has watered my pillow, it has driven sleep from my bed. It has tortured me for my guilt. It has inspired me with hope. It cannot be defeated by my defeats. It cannot be questioned though all the martyrs apostatize. It is the soul of religion. Keeping my eye on this, I understand all heroism, the history of loyalty and of martyrdom and of bigotry, the heat of the Methodist, the non-conformity of the dissenter, the patience of the Quaker.—Journal, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Self-sacrifice is the fulfillment of our being. One part of our nature becomes arrayed against the other. We must die to live. Pleasure, comfort, property, friends, possibly life itself, have become hostile to our inclusive aims and must be cast aside. It is true that when the tragic antithes is presented and we can reach our higher goods only by loss of the lower, hesitation spells ruin.....The consequence of self-sacrifice can never be certain. There must be risk.

—The Nature of Goodness,
George Herbert Palmer.

And false be every truth which hath not had laughter along with it.

From Thus Spake Zarathustra.

Embrace your reproaches; they are often glories in disguise.

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

September

The pastor kept the following engagements during the month of September:

15—Returned to Chicago
15—Address, World's Fellowship of Faiths.
17—Sermon, The Peoples Church
18—Board Meeting, The Peoples Church
19—Address, NRA
21—Address, Waukesha, Wis.
22—Address, Forestry Congress
24—Sermon, Peoples Church
25—Address, Linden, Michigan
26—Linden, Michigan
27—Address, Grand Blanc, Michigan
29—Address, Farme's Institute
29—Address, Cook County Federation of Women's Clubs.

Funerals

16—Mrs. Etta Wood, Interment, Acacia Park
23—H. J. Massingham, Interment, Belvidere, Ill.
29—William A. Wilkins, Interment, Graceland
30—Albert L. Kuehmsted, Interment, Graceland
30—Louis Kahn, Interment, Montrose.

Weddings

16—Edward W. Kettler and Edith Duce
23—Ralph C. Burger and Philora Keller.

PRAYER IN AFFLICTION

Keep me from bitterness. It is so easy
To nurse sharp, bitter thoughts each dull, dark hour!
Against self-pity, Man of Sorrows, defend me
With Thy deep sweetness and Thy gentle power!
And out of all this hurt of pain and heartbreak
Help me to harvest a new sympathy
For suffering humankind, a wiser pity
For those who lift a heavier cross with Thee!

Violet Alleyn Storey.

CHURCH OPENING

The Peoples Church of Chicago resumed its services for the season Sunday morning September 17th, in the church auditorium at 10:45 with the Pastor Dr. Preston Bradley beginning his 22nd year as the pastor. Dr. Bradley was greeted by the largest congregation ever to attend a service after the summer holiday. Every seat was occupied and the spirit of gratitude that our beloved church was again open permeated the entire service. People lingered for a long time after the service greeting old friends and exchanging greetings. Dr. Bradley spoke on "America At the Crossroads." The service was broadcast by station WBBM which will broadcast every service during the year. The Sunday was one of the hottest during the entire summer but the heat wave did not prevent a fine congregation and an inspiring sermon. G. T. B.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The season of 1933-34 opened auspiciously for the Woman's Club with a very delightful program following luncheon at the Belmont Hotel on October 2nd. Guests of Honor were Mrs. Wm. Ferrell, President, Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs, Mrs. Edward Hammett, Treasurer, General Federation of Woman's Clubs, Mrs. F. C. Justice, President Ninth District and Dr. Preston Bradley. The musical program was given by Florence Beazelton Steele, Lyric Dramatic Soprano. Mrs. Hammett gave an address on "A World's Friendship Tour," being personal observations on her European trip last summer. The program closed with one of Dr. Bradley's inimitable inspiring talks. Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, President of the Woman's Club presided and gave a gracious "Address of Welcome" to open the program and Mrs. Preston Bradley spoke briefly of "past and future of the club."

On October 16th, the club members made a tour of the Art Institute, engaging an official guide to view the masterpieces in the official fine arts show of A Century of Progress.

On October 23rd, there was a card party and bake sale in Channing Hall under the very able chairmanship of Mrs. H. T. Huckins, and our Ways and Means Committee.

October 30th, the club enjoyed a most unusual paper read by Mrs. Wm. Uting, on "The Hill Cities of Judea," this being the personal observations and experiences of Mrs. Utting on her trip through the Holy Land. The paper was exquisitely written and held the interest of her audience every second.

ON THE DESERT

The following verses were found written on the door of an old cabin in a California desert by someone who possessed the soul of a poet. All too often words beggar description of the cordial charm of desert and mountain.:

Mornin' on the desert, an' the wind is blowin' free,
An' it's ours, jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you an' me.
No more stuffy cities, where you have to pay to breathe,
Where the helpless human creatures move an' throng an' strive an' seethe.

Mornin' on the desert, an' the air is like good wine,
An' it seems like all creation has been made for me an' mine;
No house to stop my vision, save a neighbor's, miles away,
And the little 'dobe shanty that belongs to me 'n' May.

Lonesome? Not a minute! Why I've got these mountains here,
That were put there just to please me, with their blush an' frown and cheer;
They're waitin' when the summer sun gets all too sizzlin' hot,

An' we jes go a-campin' in 'em
with a pan an' coffee pot.

Mornin' on the desert! I can smell
the sagebrush smoke;
I hate to see it burnin', but the
plan' must sure be broke.
Ain't it jest a pity that wherever
man may live
He tears much that's beautiful
that the good God has to give?

"Sagebrush ain't so pretty?" Well,
all eyes don't see the same.
Have you ever seen the moonlight
turn it to a silvery flame?
An' that greasewood thicket yon-
der—well, it smells jest awful
sweet
When the night wind has been
shakin' it—for its smell is hard
to beat.

Lonesome? Well, I guess not! I've
been lonesome in a town,
But I sure do love the desert with
its stretches wide and brown.
All day through the sagebrush
here the wind is blowin' free.
An' it's ours jest for the breathin',
so let's fill up, you an' me.

EARLY FROST

I have tucked the children in to-
night—
The sleeping children, supple and
thin—
In goose-feather quilts I have
folded tight.
I wish I could tuck my flowers in.
Through scattering clouds the
stars and moon
Look down on a terrible, lovely
sight—
Look down on a luminous, spar-
kling blight,
For the colored hosts of Summer
have lost
To the dread, the flittering enemy
frost,
And every petal and every leaf
Now wears a beauty fatal and
brief.
In a cold sheath of silver sealed
Stands every flower in garden and
field.
I have covered the baby up to his
chin.
I wish I could tuck my flowers in!

Jamie Sexton Holme.

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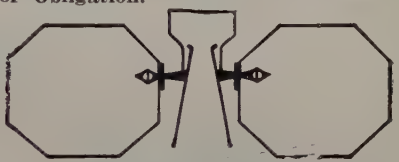

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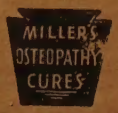

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